

my

EPISTLE

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TO

Mrs. WALLUP,

Now in the TRAIN of

Her Royal Highness,

The Princess of *WALES*.

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The Princess of WALES.

As it was sent to her to the HAGUE.

Written by Mrs. SUSANNA CENTLIVRE.



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A N
E P I S T L E, &c.

M *ADAM*, What *Muse* can speak, what *Pen* display
Britannia's Pomp upon that happy *Day*,
 When Royal *George* our *City* dain'd to Grace,
 And from impending Slav'ry freed her *Race* ?
 His grateful Subjects round his Chariot hung,
 Long live the *King* was heard from ev'ry Tongue :
 Transporting Raptures all their Sense employ,
 And Babes unborn, by Instinct leap'd for Joy ;
 Ev'n those whom Death stood ready to release,
 Blest the *Deliverer*, and dy'd in Peace.

As *Roman* Sages charg'd their Sons to tell
 That at their Deaths they left *Augustus* well :
 So shall those *Patriots* who with Care and Toil,
 Rescu'd the *Charters* of our *British* Isle,

At

At Fate's first Summons willingly obey,
 And to their weeping Wives and Children say,
 Cease, cease your Tears, no more of Grief be shown,
 We leave you *Free*, and *George* upon the Throne.

This *Madam*, we may write, but who can tell
 What mighty Transports in your Bosom dwell,
 To see the *Scepter* by that *Hero* sway'd,
 To whom long since your ardent Vows were paid.
 When your unweary'd Zeal thrice crost the Sea,
 Nor fear'd what Dangers might obstruct your Way :
 Not led by Int'rest, or Intrigues of State,
 (Avarice and Pride! Faults of the meanly great :)
 No private *End* by you was understood,
 But all your Wishes were the *Publick Good*.
 Oh may the *Princess* you so oft have prais'd,
 And great Ideas of her Vertues rais'd,
 Give you that Preference due to your Desert,
 And place you foremost in her Royal Heart.

The *Princess*, said I? Oh that charming Name,
 She comes! Who can th' exulting Joy sustain?
 The *Heroes* did such mighty Transports give,
 We scarce can view the *Heroine*, and Live.
 Oh Happy *Britain*! Oh propitious Day!
 That shall this *Lady* to thy *Isle* convey :
 From *her* may such a Race of *Princes* flow,
 'Till Heralds barren of new Titles grow.

Come

Come Royal *Dame*, and bless our longing Eyes;
 Fulfil our Hopes, consummate all our Joys.
 Your Glorious *Offspring* let *Britannia* see,
 And make *her* happy, as you made *her* free.
 Those *Babes* are for our *Church's* Safety given,
 The Darling Hostages 'twixt *her* and *Heaven*.

Britannia's Court shall in full Lustre shine,
 As heretofore in Bright *Maria's* time :

Maria's Name still sounds in *British* Ears,
 Like Musick tun'd from the Celestial Spheres.

With thousand Beauties was *Maria* grac'd,
 A thousand Vertues in her Soul were plac'd ;
 Such was her *Form*, and such her mighty Mind,
 That scarcely Angels cou'd be more refin'd ;
 She wanted only Immortality,
 To make the Angel with the Saint agree.

The Sun which set in fair *Maria's* Eyes,
 In *Carolina's* does triumphant rise,
 In *her* you'll find *Maria's* Loss retriev'd,
 That Charming *Queen* for whom so much we griev'd.

As when some happy Nuptial Knot's unty'd,
 And Death uncourteous does the Pair divide,
 The poor Wife, o'erpower'd by the Stroke of Fate,
 Mourns like a Turtle her departed Mate,
 Stretch'd on the Breathless Trunk her Tears she vents,
 And utters to the Lifeless Clay Complaints:

To draw her thence all Arguments are try'd,
 Nothing can raise her from her Husband's Side,
 Till some one Friend more lucky than the rest,
 Lays the surviving Infant on her Breast:
 She views each Feature, dwells on ev'ry Grace,
 And in the Child surveys the Father's Face;
 Then the dear Relick snatches to her Arms,
 And all the Mother instantly returns.
 So, when the beautiful, fair *Maria* dy'd,
 Sorrow o'erwhelm'd us like a rising Tyde,
 Till Godlike *WILLIAM* studying our Repose,
 Fix'd the *Succession*, and reliev'd our Woes.

Whate'er th' *Almighty* gives to bless Mankind,
 We, or in Spring, or in the *Autumn* find,
 The Spring revives what Winter has decay'd,
 And in New Livery all the Earth's array'd.
 But tho' the Spring a Thousand Sweets disclose,
 Th' *Indian* Jessamine, and *Syrian* Rose;
 The various Product of each fertile Soil,
 'Tis the Rich Autumn Crowns the Peasant's Toil.
 So, tho' we see a New-Created Spring,
 And ev'ry Joy reviving in the KING;
 You in the PRINCESS will our Harvest bring.

F I N I S.